Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.
Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſome thing hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a moueable.
Pet. Why, what's a moueable?
Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.
Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you,
Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you
Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light,
Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.
Pet. Shold be, ſhould: buzze.
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Kate. I, if the fole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting?
In his taile.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whoſe tongue.

Kate.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tailes, and
Pet. What with my tongue in your ta
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gen
Kate. That Ile trie.
Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike aga
Kate. So may you looſe your armes.
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy
Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcomb
Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* wil
Kate. No Cocke of mine you crow too
Pet. Nay come *Kate* come: you muſt n
Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Cra
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefor
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it mee.
Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Knte. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In ſooth you
Kate. I chate you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing g
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, an
And now I finde report a very lyar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing c
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweete as ſpring-ti
Thou ca nſt not frowne, thou canſt not loo
Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy w
With gentle conference, ſoft and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* dot
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in